ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF PRO-PLE IN 'FOLK STREET.

Striking Contrasts in a Single Block-Apparently Rich and Refined Families Dwell in a Neighborhood in Which Squalor and Poverty Predominate-Sunday Clothes. The intersticing of things and people on the mant side and the pell-mell of deings there af-

fect the senses unnecustomed much as a person's eyes are affected who steps directly from outdoor sunlight into a shaded chamber. As the eyes get accustomed to the light, objects loom out in their normal distinctness. In like manner, if the east side sightseer stays long enough to get used to the place, that blurred first impression of muss and pother, of things being ail-of-a-piece and of a kind, melts away and objects assume their right apportionment Go into the region below Houston street

well beyond the Bowery, along streets whose names remind one of the British peerage and whose individuality, in the whole, in the gross, remind of no other streets on earth, and stay a while, and you will understand. As the first bewilderment of strange and un-American associations wears away, and the different grades and oddities and counter oddities assume their gightful perspective, it will dawn upon you just why it is that people speak of going down on the east side just as they speak of going down to the act white even if, geographical ly considered, they may be going up, and why it is that they call the east side great. World wideness, a universal difference of language, race, sect, habit of life and thought is repre mented in any single block of those miles of tens ment habitation and tenement businesses, an of a genially bright afternoon, when doors and windows stand open and the street, for the most part is at lessure as on a Sunday a fasemating study of this, New York's most interesting, if not most inviting, theatre, is on view for the mere cost of the seeing and noting. Certainly pictures so many and opposite and of such virile, meaningful interest could not be gathered in the same space of street front any where in the world: pictures that stick in the mind clear-cut-cameo fashion, against the ba-

Two multifrom and multi-inhabited corne houses that see each other from opposite ends of the same block in 'Folk street furnish pictures of this keepsake character, pictures that are a direct foil and counterpoise to each other, yet framed in the same mosaic of formign trademarks and foreign tongues and little pennywise businesses and appurtenances. The one of these corner houses looks and is prosperous, attractive, world-knowing and to the world belonging. The other is a brace of buildings, age-eaten and shabby, and the tenants and their belongings and interests eloquent of a time when primitiveness went hand in hand with dirt, when appliances were meagre and resources limited. It is the big six-storied tenement with the

bel of contending sights and sounds, just as

tinct, from all that went before or came after

them no matter how much interest these may

have excited at the time.

well-modelled woman's bust medallioned, patron-saint fashion, over the arched entrance door that attracts attention by its very un-east-side look of dignity and seemliness. and of the taste and refinement to be found within it as well, qualities evidenced by the things and people that show at the windows. Were this house uptown, it would be called an apartment house, and externally it is of another and different sort to the fine-fronted grained-over tenements that flank it on either side, tenements with plaster birds alight on the top cornice and a plenitude of cheap gilding and garnishing and grinning mortar faces. The house with the un-east-side look is substantial, the freework over the windows and that rounds off the corners is genuinely ornamental, and from top to bottom in design, structure and finish it is pleasing. What most strikes the onlooker in that particular locality and environment is the freshness and tastefulness of the drapery that shows at the windows and the charming and delicate ar rangement of green growing vines and tender ossoms trailed up on siender supports outside the casements. Only exceptional fondness and care could contrive such uniform beauty out of mere window boxes, and only good incomes and a knowledge of the fit and fashionable in furniture could contrive rooms whose interior is so uniformly pleasing as be gauged from the details that show

at the open casements.

Can this be 'Folk street and the east side?

you think as one corner room in particular is
focuse i within view. The room is on the second floor of the building, and its windows look out on two densely populated streets, draperies and fitments such as characterize any pleasand fitments such as characterize any pleasant sumptuous—yes, that's the right worddrawing room frame a picture that would be interesting anywhere apart from its inappositeness in that particular spot. A woman comely, with shapely head and shoulders and the gestures and easy inclinations of a woman of affairs of the world, sits in a high, curved-backed chair talking animatedly to some onewho is not in view, but whom she evidently wishes to interest and does interest. A little girl of possibly 4 or 5 years leans on the window seat beside her, nlaying with a pet poodle. The woman's dark hair is becomingly, almost slaborately, coiffed; her hands, as she moves them in easy affirmation, are slender and delielaborately, coiffed; her hands, as she moves them in easy affirmation, are slender and deli-cate, her dress and appointments and the dress and appointments of the curly-headed child are in keeping with the fresh, up-to-date looking room, and far, far out of keeping with the medley of folks and doings in the street below, and the picayune signs and stress of poverty and waybackness in view on every side.

below, and the picayune signs and stress of poverty and waybackness in view on every side.

All up and down the dwelling part of this house, whose tiers of windows are open indexes of the tenants, evidences of prosperity and gental comfort are seen. Here the head of a couch shows, piumped up with pillows whose gay satin-worked embroideries are their own excuse for display. There a jardinière, neither cheap nor tawdry, peeps out, and the top layer of a woman's wicker-work basket. A dame with her gray hair puffed and pompadoured and wearing a light silk gown having elbow sleeves and spangles on the corsage, waves a big palmetto fan languidity at an upper window and a nursemaid in cap and apron, with an infant in her arms, looks from another story. Down in the street a perfect medley of people stream by, women in erumpled calico gowns and thick, seamed wigs covering their hair trundle their own baby carriages in the middle of the street. An ice cart comes by, the carter shouting attention to his wares and the people trail after him with the euros and mugs, and bits of blanket to roll odd pieces of coolness in.

The dame in her dressy corsage and the comely young mother chatting at the window with her little daughter and pet dog beside her would not be so noticeable but for the array of Yiddish-charactered panels and hashed-up businesses and small trades that take up the street floor of that very nice appearing apartment house. "Share 5 cents" is a sign in lurid vellow on the corner panel. A liquor shop has sundry sandi trade customers in one doorway and a sidewalk booth with the fanciest of seeds fountains and most quartered up of melon and cake stands is presided over by a frowsy-locking young person in a plaid waist with pink beads about her throat, who chats in between times with whoever happens along. On the steps directly under the scuiptured bust a reand-faced young mother chars in fertaining contrast of the steps directly under the scuiptured to spectators and surroundings characteristic of a simple peacle,

fastidious customers so demanding. Linda's MADE AN ART OF WAITING. natidious customers so demanding. Linda's establishment merits notice and would repay watching, doubtless, but the well-dressed, nice-looking people in the trim apartment house bolilely turn their heads in the other direction and look over to where the cleaning, dyeing and repairing tailor conducts work and the dealer in ornamental glasses, lamps and peacock feathers displays his stock.

So much for the presserous corner; that in the rear, round on the other side, is backed up by quite cheerful looking dentists and doctors and dressmakers' quarters and congregation

So much for the prosperous corner; that in the rear, round on the other side, is backed up by quits cheeful looking dentists and doctors and dressmakers' quarters and congregation baths, where calm assuredness of aspect would pro laim patronage by the dwellers in the tasteful apartment house. Diagonally opposite, at the end of the block is the cray-posite, at the end of the block is the cray-posite, at the end of the block is the cray-posite, at the end of the block is the cray-posite, dormer-windowed set of old houses whose divers doings and divers seeming tenants would require a microscopic minuteness of inquiry to separate them into their several fastnesses. Many partitions, additions and outside flankings have been tacked onto the original dwellings, that were one of straight up and down countryside simplicity. A biscuit and cracker company and a sale, exchange and boarding stable, a second-hand meats and vegetables are the main tenants, with a sandwiching of cobblers and carpenters truck in the basements and a modest little school and intelligence office in the top story. Over all hangs out from a curtainless attic window a flag, linn, dejected, its stars all gone out, its stribes rain merged and sun streaked, a formore epitome of the anomalousness it crowns. In the bottom floor of the dingiest and most ahambling of these houses, the one that leans most openly for support against the brick wall of the lil-smelling stable, a shop is maintained run by a brisk, nimble-moving woman as chatty and convivial in seming, though more shrewd, than the soda fountain tender under the big apartment house. This little shop has a soda fountain else, with the assurance in English on stained-brown paper that a certain apportionment of this candy goes with the soda fountain tender under the solg fountain also, in shape like a Noah's Ark, and there are smeary numbers beside it, and on shelves tacked up against the outside wall are glass jars of stick candy and colored mint drou lozenges and the like, with the assurance in Eng

certain turns and aspects of scenery one has gun across in travel stand out clear and dis-

strings over their disher-out cream. The strings of onions on the wall behind them giving distinct seent of primitiveness. Most interesting of all the tenants that sit about and lounge out on the toppling stoops and on the edge of the curbing is the archaic little Hebrew teacher, to be told by his student's can and coat of slick alpaca and by the absorbed way in which he poses over a book, seemingly deaf to the surging turnoil around him. The afternoon sun is warm and a little child just big enough to get about cleverly worms in and out of the crowd on the pavement, clad only in a single little undershirt, a garment that leaves his dimpled limbs free to the hip, in exact pattern and fashion of the little pickaninny figures that send about as light as ether on the cotton plantations.

The indifference and shiftlessness of these corner people are in pointed contrast with the well-appointed inmates of the saartment house and there is equally as much disparity in their expression of countenance. The Hebrew teacher looks genteel, after his kind, but ingenuous, unworldly, almost to antedituvianism. His roofmates are not troubled with ambitions nor bothered about exigencies. They look of a piece with the happy-go-lucky houses that somehox manaze to stay un under the protection of their betters.

And, all the time, on this Sunday leisure afternoon girls quite creditably and stylishly dressed promena le in the midst of the squalid throng with a shimmer of satin, a fit of skirt and bodice and as smartness of hat and headgear that is attractive. They walk well, too, the most of them, and wear colors that accord. There is something on the east side that conduces to a great dowering of locks, black, brown and red-hued, and gives a bloom and symmetry of contour in the very young that even cheap feathers, gift flummery and noorly made gowns cannot disguise. Taken all in all, the east side young woman in Sunday gear is more pleasing to the eye than the east side young man; she gets herself up in better style and carries out th

BELIEVED TO BE 124 YEARS OLD.

A Colored Woman Who Shows a Birth Record in Support of That Assertion. From the Cincinnati Enguirer.

The recent death of Robert Taylor, the oldest person in Great Britain or Ireland, whose age was 134 years, has caused considerable comment in all parts of America, Last April Queen Victoria sent him a picture of herself as

birthday gift. The death of Taylor recalls the fact that Ohio has a resident who has long since passed the century mark in life. The person referred to s Aunt Mirah Davis. She is reputed to be 124 years old, and she lives about four miles from Swiss Elm. Highland county, O. Mrs. Davis lives with her great-grandson, who is himself an old gray-haired man. The aged woman is colored, and she is known to most of the residents of Highland county. For a woman who has attained such a remarkable age. "Aunt" Mirah is spry and manages to get around and do her share of housework. According to residents of Swiss Elm, the aged woman can still do a day's washing without around and do her share of housework. According to residents of Swiss Eim, the aged woman can still do a day's washing without suffering any evil effects. She was born and rearred in Alabama, but for the past 100 years she has lived in various parts of the North. For the last half century she has been a resident of Highland county. She delights in telling stories and anecdotes of the cotton fields before the rebellion, and she says that she intends to visit the place of her birth before she ends her earthly existence. Ann. Mirah appears to be perfectly well, with the exception of a slight attack of asthma now and then.

An account of the death of Robert Taylor was read to the aged woman of Highland county the other day and she displayed great interest in the history of the Irish Postmaster. Taylor was appointed Postmaster at Scarva, County Down, just after the introduction of benny postage, and he held that office to within a few days of his death, attending to the many little details of the olace. According to the Westminster Gazette he was born in 1768 in Ireland. He was a Methodist and had built a large hall back of his residence for rehigious purposes. Aunt Mirah Davis is also n Methodist, and she attends services regularly. Her appetite is good and she thinks she will live to a greater age than that attained by Robert Taylor.

Many strangers who have heard of the great age attained by Aunt Mirah have called on her and she always receives them in the most cordial manner. The residence of the aged woman is eight miles from Hillishoro, on the Petersburg and Hillsboro pike. In the case of most aged colored people there is no record to show in reference to their birth. In the case of most aged colored people there is no record to show in a noid, time-worn Bithe which shows that she was horn on April 23, 1774. This book is yellow with a re and most of the aged woman are very careful about showing the book, as they do not care to have it handled unnecessarily and thereby incur chances of having it multilated. Aun

MORAL INFLUENCE OF A DEAD MULE.

tilinois Volunteers.
St. Paul., Minn., Sept. 21.—This meadent of camp life at Chickamauga is related by a memher of the First Plinois Eggiment in a battalion commanded by Major Joseph B. Sanborn. The story began when Private Jack Hol and was kicked by a mule. Two days later the mule

died in eamp. That was on Sunday, Arrangements had been made for divine

Arrangements had been made for divine service an agrove a holding the came. Major Sanborn a seembed the Ferst Battalion, and whe the ranks were formed be said:

Of course, attendance on its day service cancet be made computed to the array, and all those who do not desire to attend will take one step to the rear.

Twiste near promptly fell out of the ranks. The rest of the battalion marched away to the green. Thus the balor turning to the equal of twelve men, said:

"I want you men to go out and bury that mule this afternoon."

They looked at one another a minute. This was one of the souther's duties they had not counted on when they took they had not counted on when they took they are yet for the spot where Jack Holland's late by greese. They had not counted on when they took the oath of allegiane, but there was no getting avery from the orders, and they was no getting avery from the folland's late by greese.

DRAMATIC STUDENTS WHO AMUSED

They Presented a Continuous Performance

While Serving the Guests at Table --Played Their Parts Well, Too-Problems to Students Employed as Walters. The summer hotel walter is an uncertain mantity in these days, and a considerate guest experiences anguish of soul in the effort o assume a proper attitude toward the young man or young woman who takes his orders. When the waiter is of a color deeper than summer tan the path is smooth. French waiters slip into their places naturally. Mary Jane, who waits on the Vermont farmhouse table and joins cheerfully in the general conversation while she bands around the griddle cakes.

is a definite and intelligible fact. One knows not only how one might but also how one must treat her. It is when the waiters are college students that the well-meaning guest stumbles in a maze of perplexity. They make excellent waiters, these plucky,

elever boys and girls. They haven't quite the professional definess, but what they lack in technique they make up in intelligence; and many a woman has gone home from a summer resort sighing because domestic service doesn't attract the more intelligent class of wage carners, and she will never find a maid for her home who will be as intelligent as the pretty girl that served her all summer and studied biology between times with rapt enthusiasm. The student who has courage enough to serve in a hotel during the summer in order to go on with his college studies in the winter usually has courage enough to meet disagreeable phases work without flinching, and it isn't through any fault in the waiter that the average guest feels a touch of embarrassment in their relations.

The waiter may be the incarnation of re spectful deference; but when a man knows that the good-looking girl beside him is a junior at Radeliffe, say, and the best classical student of her class, he can't feel himself justi fied in explaining to her anything so trivial as the way in which he likes his eggs fried. He knows that her name is Sarah. The women at the table call her that ; but he can't muster up nerve to follow their example. He can't call her "miss," and "waitress" sounds odd, a though it must be quite as correct as waiter He probably solves the problem by not calling her anything, and struggling to win a glane from her when he needs her attention.

As for the young woman who has an attractive Harvard sophomore behind her chair, she isn't quite so uncomfortable. She regards fetching nd carrying as the proper duty of all men; and she doesn't hesitate to send the waite scurrying in her service any more than she would hesitate to employ a man of her own set in the same way. Still, there is a difference, and if she is a nice sort of girl she feels t and shows her recognition of it by treating the waiter a trifle better than she would treathe other man, and asking him very humbly or what she would demand peremptorily from one of her dangling swains.

There's something disconcerting about conviction that your waiter knows the Sanskri name for the hash he is giving you, and that he could give you appropriate quotations from Theocritus, in the original Greek, when he hands you the honey. One feels the necessity of keeping table conversation up to the waiter's level, and has an insane desire to ask his opinion upon a new scientific theory that comes up for liseussion. When the summer girl wanders off into the woods, armed with a paper edition of a light novel, and finds her favorite nook preempted by her waitress, who is absorbed in Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," she trails ome discouraged, and orders her dinner in

herbert Spencer's "Intal of Lathes," and trains home discouraged, and orders her dinner in a most apologetic way.

But the fee problem is the most trying feature of the situation; and guests of fine sensibilities go through agonies of embarrasament when the time comes for a farewell to the waiter. If a man has a wife, he always boits and leaves the feeling to her, and she schemes as to how she can do the deed in the most unobtrusive way, and blushes and stammers during the act and hurries out of the dining room feeling that she has made a fool of herself. There are men and women whose ideas of social equality are based on money, and they do not have any qualms as to the effect a fee will have upon the waiter. The loud-voiced man with the diamond stud in his neglige shirt shouts. "See here, waiter!" in cheerful tones, and when the slim, refined girl steps up to him he hands her a bill with a flourish. She takes it quietly, but her cheeks grow very red, and most persons within sight of the episode flush sympathetically and devote themselves most attentively to their plates, while the other men at the table feel at strong desire to follow the retreating guest and punch his head, and the young man who hasn't a feminine relative to do his feeling mentally resolves to fold up a bill and put it under his plate and steal away like a thief by night.

The number of students who take hotel service during the summer increases each year

hasn't a feminine relative to do his feeing mentally resolves to fold up a bill and put it under his plate and steal away like a thief by night.

The number of students who take hotel service during the summer increases each year as the desire for education becomes more general. The work is light. The question of expenses through the long vacation is solved, and a small sum is taid up for the school year. The change to mountain or sea air is beneficial after a winter of hard study, and there is leisure for any studying that must be done during the summer. Against these advantages is the fact that in democratic America domestic service is considered mental and entails a loss of easte, but the work will be among strangers, and an education is cheap at the expense of oscasional studes from ill-bred persons whom one does not know.

The hotel proprietors say that the students are most satisfactory employees, respectful, intelligent, reasonable, ready to do all that should be expected of them—that, in fact, they may be depended upon as no other class of employees may. They have made up their minds to accept the unpleasant features of the situation, and their self-respect makes them do the work quietly and well.

The guests at one Massachusetts hotel have been tremendously entertained this summer by a continuous performance furnished by the waiters. These waiters are of the genus student, but with a difference. They are pupils of a well-known dramatic school, and they take a professional oride in their roles that is productive of monumental results. The head waiter is an artist of the first degree. Perhaps, in his secret soul, he feels that Hamilet or Homeo would furnish a more fitting field for his genius, but at present he is assigned the role of head waiter, and he must fulfil all the possibilities of the part. To see him standing at the dining room door, waiting for approaching guests, is worth the price of admittance. No English butter was ever more awe-inspiring, more unapproachably haughty, more expressionless.

of the sent-satisfaction that mist reign in the heart. He has made a careful study of the part, and the real thing couldn't be half so perfect.

Early in the season several of the waiters differed from him in dramatic theory, and there were hot discussions over his interpretation of the part. The critics said that he wasn't sufficiently deferential and insimuating; that he should unbend mere, and show an unobtracted his flattering interest in each guest. Like most members of the profession he wasn't open to conviction. He argued that they were taking the French maitted hotel for a model, and he was playing the English character. He had given the matter due consideration, and decided that the English servant was a model to the universe, the most perfect thing in the way of a serving type, and so English he would because I make severally and so English he would because I make yet the most perfect thing in the way of a serving type, and so English he would because I make yet the most perfect thing in the way of a serving type, and so Lenglish he would because I make yet the season of the study of the character, and, in defence of his theory, it must be admitted that the guests at his table think him a not forever. He is insimuating confidential, symmathetic, decoded. He has made a special study of each person stactes. He gives each person the impression that his whole soul is centred upon her comfort, and that to serve her is his one loy in life. He advises her about the soups, and warms her against the roast that is overdone, and confidentially minmors that the same.

Some of the waiters of less genius haven't the right conception of their roles or the skill and consistent outsies to play them truthfully. One how, with a shaggy dark forelock, glociny eyes, and a base voice, has evidently given his whole heart to trugedy, and cannot successfully experiment with anything class. He is honest and here it working, that he cannot eliminate allow and an awalle site has gir which which the road of the table devoted to th

appeared over toward Lookout Mountain hefore that grave was large enough and meanwhile the rest of the battation had returned
from service and sat around in the shade, writing home and extending encouraging remarks
to the gravediggers.

It is related that on every Sunday thereafter
those twelve men occupied front seats at the
services.

ments of leisure be stands with his arms erossed, his head sunk upon his breast, gloomy despair upon his face, the picture of secret and

ments of leisure be stands with his arms crossed, his head sunk upon his breast, gloomy despair upon his face, the peture of secret and gnawing sorrow.

The young women show less of their art than the men, perhaps because women are most artful when natural, but they all look the part, and one of them has covered herself with glory and reduced several susceptible youths to sentimental despair. She is distractingly pretty in a pink-checked, plump, dimpling way. She couldn't have been cast for a better role than maid, for she makes the part bewitching. Her hair curis and waves and fluffs in sunshiny brown under the most fetching of caps. Her frock and apron are triumphs. She is demure as a kitten, but breaks out into dimples at the slightest provocation. She is deft and humble and anxious to please, and she hast any scruples about fees. They are all in the part, and she accepts them with most charming grace.

"By Jove, I feel as though it were in the play to chuck her under the chin," said a New Jove man who had just feed her. "It would be in a play, you know, but I suppose it wouldn't do here. I don't know whether the artistic fitness of it would make her overlook its importance or whether she would throw a plate at me."

The pretty maid confided to one of the women of the table that she had just one regret. She felt it would make her role so much more effective if she could curtsy; but the head walter said it wouldn't do.

The hotel closes this week, and the future ornaments of the dramatic stage go back to the legitimate; but sil the natrons of the hotel who intend going there next year are pleading with the manager for a re-engagement of this segson's company.

PLENTY OF GEORGE WASHINGTONS. Their Names Are in the Directories of All

of Our Large Cities.

A man who recently met in Washington a Mr. George We seem seed to think that he must have been related to the great General. "You will find that it is a common honor to have that name down here," the other said. "and a number of them you will find are colored. You see, in slavery days, they usually were designated by the name of the family or plantation to which they belonged, and thus many colored George Washingtons are als found scattered throughout the country."

Becoming interested, the young man looked up some of the Washingtons of the large cities. The capital seemed to be the home of George Washingtons, as there are no less than forty one living there to-day. Curiously, not one of these is recorded as being colored, although this cannot be altogether correct, especially as the number includes twenty-one laborers. Four are drivers, there is a painter, a barber, a anitor, five waiters, a coachman, a bricklayer; a porter, a confectioner, and one clerk—no even a professional man, much less a "Presi-

even a professional man, much less a "President."

Baltimore came next in the list of cities, there being 32 named after the father of his country; then he found 26 in New Orleans, 18 in St. Louis, 15 in Richmond, 16 in Philadelphia, 16 in Savannah, 13 in Charleston, S. C., 10 in Louisville, 10 in Kansas City, B in Chicago and in Pittsburg. But, strange to say, New York city records only 4, and within an hour's investigation fully 300 George Washingtons were recorded in some thirty odd cities. This number would probably be doubled if all the cities of the country had been included; and with the addition of those living outside of city limits, it is safe to say that there are nearly a thousand George Washingtons in the United States to-day.

it is sale to say that there are hearty a thousand George Washingtons in the United States to-day.

The occupations of those recorded show that with few exceptions they are among the manual workers. There were drivers, janitors, barbers, conductors, cooks, lumbermen, carpenters, blacksmiths, leemen, shoemakers, porters, laundrymen, restaurateurs, conadmen, rivermen, brickmakers, a clothes cleaner, a leather decorator, a milwright, a lampmaker, a clockmaker, a bookkeeper, and one realestate dealer among them. Scarrely any of those recorded had a middle initial.

One of New York's colored George Washingtons keeps a barber shop. He is getting old, has lost his sight, but he entertains his customers while his men do the work. When asked about his name he said: "I know a good many George Washingtons and some of them tell queer stories about tracing their family name, but I tell the straight story about mine. My great-grandfather was in Washington's army. He adopted the name, and there have been three George Washingtons in our family since. Yes, there are a good many more men of that name than are recorded in the cities. Why, I know of half a dozen right around here; one of them died recently."

It occurred to the investigator that there

Why, I know of hair a dozen right around new; one of them died recently."

It occurred to the investigator that there were probably a like number of Abraham Lincolns springing up throughout the country, and especially among the colored people, but this was not the case, there being none in most of the cities, and not more than two or three in any one.

votion to Outdoor Sports.

THE FAD OF UGLINESS. Girls Who Neglect Their Good Looks in De

People have been talking about a woman's right to be ugly. Meanwhile hundreds of girls have been demonstrating that right. Ugliness seems to have been the summer girl's fad this season. A little more of it and there will be a reaction which will put the summer girl back on her old plane of lackadaisical inanity.

Nobody wants just that to happen. But unless the girls themselves have a care it will happen, and there will be no stopping it. For the last few years it has been the thing for girls wheeling, golf, tennis and all kinds of sport have been fun for the girls and even for older women. Nobody wants to change that. But there doesn't seem to be any good reason why a girl should make a guy of herself in her devotion to outdoor life.

That is precisely what she does do. She even

seems to glory in doing it. There was a tennis tournament at a certain summer resort a few weeks ago and the young women players, with apparent delight, made perfect spectacles of themselves. There were only two participants who were not positively ridiculous to behold at the end of their first set. One of these two was a 14-year-old girl. She wore a short, blue skirt, and a clean white shirt waist, and her short curls were tied close to her neck. The other was a girl of about twenty. Her skirt, too, was short enough to be safe as well as trim-boking. Her hair was braided and coiled smoothly at the back of her hend and she wore a sailor hat. But the other players! It is not exagerating to say that after a few games they were perfect guys. One of them played in a long white duck skirt—white originally, but soon full of dirt up to her knees. She had to hold it up, of course, and went flopping in ungalply flights all over the courts. The bedraggled skirts, shoes scuffed and misshapen, and shirt waists which looked as if they had been rescued from the week's washing, did not make up an attractive whole. The shirt-sleeves were promptly unbuttoned and rolled back to the shoulder: another fad. Hats? Perish the thought! With one exception there wasn't a har worn.

But the worst of it all was their hair. It seems as if common sense would tell a girl that she can't blay tennis and wear her hair in a loose, fully pompadour. Nevertheless these girls tried to do it. As a consequence they strewed side combs and hairpins all over the place, and in five minutes their fluffy pompadours had become herely dishevelled heaps of hair with hoose strings and strands hanging around their faces as if they were a new variety of neodle dogs.

The girls who patronized the golf links were in the same shape after a morning's play. But they didn't care; not they! It is the fad to be happy-go-lucky and not act as if you cared awell, a rap about your personal appearance. So the girls go flopping around, do not deign to brush loak their hair, burn all the dolleasy out of their soft skins, and are happy, because, forsooth, it is the fad. this fad of ugliness will brink a revolution. If a really pretty girl, bright and jolly, should appear alongside of the devotees to untidiness and ugliness will brink a revolution. If a really pretty girl, bright and jolly, should appear alongside of the courtes to the work ano

GAVE A TOMBSTONE PARTY

VAGARIES OF A WOMAN AUTHOR IN A NEW ENGLAND FILLAGE.

Wanted Something Novel-Ghost Stories Saved Part of the Luncheon at Least. New York literary genius is below par in one New England town. Early in July a new boarder appeared at the house of the Postmistress. The town does not boast a hotel and a stranger is an exciting rarity-also an object of legitimate curiosity and speculation. Fortunately, in this case, information was to be had for the asking. The Postmistress having by virtue of her calling a profound interest in her neighbors' affairs, appreciated the state o mind into which they were thrown by the advent of her boarder, and charitably consented to tell them all she knew. Possibly her pride in the fact that she harbored the distinguished personage under her roof added to her zest in telling the story; and it wasn't two hours after the 'bus deposited its passenger at the Postmistress's door before all the village knew that an author was in town. The Postmistres must have been expeditious or the author communicative, for during the same two hours the village learned that the stranger had writ ten two books and a number of short stories and that she had come away from New York to this quiet spot in order that she might es

written book. Not being in the writing or publishing business themselves, the villagers accepted the ex-planation and showed such profound respect for the author's privacy that she finally became exceedingly bored by her own society Moreover, her artistic conscience troubled her She felt that she ought to be amassing copy and studying rural types, so she began make advances to her neighbors. When they understood that she was really willing to be known they responded readily enough. They were as auxious to study her as she was to study them, and the consensus of opinion about her was that she was "terrible queer but not uppity." To be sure she had strange ideas about things and her conduct wasn't always in line with what was considered becom ing in the village; but then every one understood that some concessions must be made to genius.

from her fame and write a new novel

without being interrupted by clamoring ad

mirer; and publishers fighting for the yet un

The President of the Reading Circle was th first to call upon the celebrity—urged on to the deed by the other members of the circle. Her reception was encouraging, so others plucked up heart of grace, and soon the visitor was fully launched into village society. She was invited to teas and sewing bees and dinners and social evenings, and the villagers became used to her startling theories and more start ling method of arranging her back hair, and felt that life would be a triffe dull when New York reclaimed its own and there was no author for them to watch and criticise.

A week or two before her departure the ce-

A week or two before her departure the celebrity said to the Postmistress:
"Miss Barah, the people here have been so nize to me that I think I'd like to entertain them in some way."
Miss Barah gasped and furtively looked through the window, measuring with her eye the distance to the nearest neighbor's.
"Would you be willing to get up a very nice supper for me? Of course, I'd pay for everything and give you whatever you thought right for your extra work."
"I'm sure I'd be glad to do it," said Miss Sarah.

right for your extra work."

"I'm sure I'd be glad to do it," said Miss Sarah.

"That's nice. I'dlike to give something unique and out of the ordinary. I must think of something that will sur prise them," said the authoress, with the look usually reserved for the moments devoted to her immortal novel. Then the House went into a Committee of the Whole and discussed a supper menu. The celebrity evidently intended to do the thing 'andsomely. Miss Sarah grew absent-minded and fidgetted, and finally pleaded a pressing engagement. A moment is lar her angular figure fiew across the street to the nearest neighbor's, and before noon all the town was agog over the coming festivity. Every day fresh details fanned the fiame. The celebrity had sent away for bonbons and cakes; the sandwiches were to be rolled up and tied with ribbon; there were to be eards, with pictures and poetry on them, at every plate. But as to the real nature of the entertainment nothing was known and curiosity was rife. Of course, it would be some New York novelty, and expectation ran high.

Just a week before the August full moon members of village society were in receipt of dainty notes which invited them to attend a 'tomtestone parry at 11 on the night of full moon," and further requested that each guest should be prepared to tell a ghost story, or at least some thrilling and blood-curding tale.

Every one was aghast, but culrosity was stronger than dismay. A few of the older

least some thrilling and blood-curding tale.
Every one was aghast, but culrosity was stronger than dismay. A few of the older folks said they wouldn't go to "no such fool party:" but the rest thought of the supper, and the young folks wouldn't have stayed away for

folks said they wouldn't go to "no such fool party:" but the rest thought of the supper, and the young folks wouldn't have stayed away for love or money.

When the fateful night came round and the guests presented themselves at the door they were met by the Postmistress, who, with many whisuered comments, led them out of the side door, along a path through the grove to the old graveyard. There, in the moonlight, among the tombs, was the hostess; and rugs and seats were scattered about between the graves. The celebrity was in great feather. She was charmed with her idea and only wished that her New York friends could be with her instead of the villagers, who might not appreciate the artistic morbidness of the thing. The guests being seated, the story-relling began. The guests were too stunned or ter modest to enter the competition, but the hostess was loaded. She told ghost stories with a glassity finish that gave her artistic soul the keenest satisfaction. Her hearers wiggled uncomfortably and looked over their shoulders. Their blood ran cold as the story teller grew more dramatic and the stories more ghoutish. The gravestones shone white in the moonlight, the celebrity's voice sank lower, the rattling of a pubble made the guests' teeth chatter and when a bat flew across the moonlight their hair stood up.

When the hostess finally ended a tale of gore and sudden death and supernatural punishment, and announced that they would adjourn to the house, most of the guests were so limp with fear that they could hardly move, and a few of them stole across the lawn ported cakes and decorated sandwiches. But the hostess was elated.

"What an idea it was!" she said, rapturously, to the crowd. "An evening of delicious horror, Could anything be more perfect? If one could only do it in New York!" and she dight notice that the assent was a triffe forced. The supper was an unnualified success, but it couldn't offset the graveyard seane. The village no man—or to a woman, which is worse—condemned the selbrity. She had transcende

QUEER EYE OF THE MOONFISH.

Grunt in a Tank at the Aquarium. In one of the tanks at the Aquarium there are a number of moonfishes, from local waters, and a number of striped grunts from Bermuda The largest of the moonfishes has mot with some mishap that has resulted in starting its eves from their natural position; not an un-

usual thing to happen to a fish.

When this moonfish was received at the Aquarium both its eyes were more or less protruding from their sockets; one of them has now receded to about its normal position; the other still projects, and it seems likely to remain as it is. The projection is not great, the eye is only a quarter of an inch or a little more beyond its normal line, but that in the case of a fish of the peculiar thin build of the moonfish is enough to make it conspicuous. This does

is enough to make it conspicuous. This does not appear to disturb the moonfish. Its appetite is good, and it goes about nutras it would if its eyes were both in their natural position, but it led the other day to a most mortifying mistake on the part of one of the striped grunts in the tank; a mistake, however, that was happily without serious results.

When the fishes were being fed the moonfishes fiashed up through the water as usual, nipping the food as piece by piece it was dropped into the tank, the big moonfish darting up and getting his share with the reat. Now and then a striped grunt would come along and nab a piece, and it was here at the feeding that the striped grunt made his great break. Coming from another direction and meeting the big moonfish rising to the same point, it mistook the moonfish's eye for a piece of food and made a dash for that.

But when within an inch of it the striped grunt discovered its mistake and turned and fied. The happy moonfish kept right on and got the food that it was after, and never knew of the striped grunt's mistake.

CLEAR HEADS FROM RAW ONIONS, CHILDREN OF PRESIDENTS. A Couple of Enthusiasts Tell of the Brain

"How does that strike you?" asked the bar tender, as he took a bite from something that She Felt That Some Return Should Be Made looked very much like an ordinary sandwich for the Hospitality of the Natives and of some sort and then glanced over his shoulder at the clock in a satisfied manner. "That? Why, that's a sandwich; only instead of ham or beef between the slices of bread I haveguess what. No, it isn't cabbage or sauer kraut. It's plain white, raw Bermuda onion, all sliced up."

"Shouldn't think you could stand anything like that in any quantity," said one of the lis-"You won't have any tears to ween if you keep that up long."

That's what they all say at first," replied the bartender, "but you can never know until you try. You soon get used to the onlons, and after that you wouldn't give 'em up for anything. Let me tell you how I acquired the onion habit-for it's a real habit, and, what's more, a mighty good habit.

"I used to mix drinks at one of the big uptown hotels, where a number of men who fo lowed the races gathered nearly every night to have a small game, with a moderate amount of drink to carry things along. About 2 o'clock every morning, never ten minutes later, those four or five men would order a big platter of raw sliced onions with a few slice of white bread. Then they'd open the win dows to clear the smoke out, and they'd set that platter of onlons on the table; each man would take a first and they would ent until the onions were gone, I didn't understand that at all when I first went there, but pretty soon, after I got to know those men fairly well. I asked them about it.

"What on earth do you eat those ray onions for at this time of night?' I asked. "'Here's a chance for another convert,' said one of them. 'Why, don't you know that there's nothing like a raw onlon to clear your head at night. Just help yourself and try it Why, man, after you've been working your brain all day and half the night and maybe have drunk a little and smoked a little, you are in no condition to get a good rest for the night. Now, there's nothing like a raw onion

are in no condition to get a good rear for the night. Now, there's nothing like a raw onion or two to start you right on your night's reat. Two of these onlone, sliced up raw, will clear your head and brain, and, finally, and most important, although you may not believe it, will put your stomach in the right condition. "Of course I tried it, too, but at first I could no more eat one onion than I could fly. They all kept at me, however, and in a week's time I was an onion enthusiast and ate two or three onions every night just before I shut up shop. I really believe I couldn't work at night now without getting ill if I didn't eat those onions, just 'ry it some night and keep at it for three or four days; at the end of that time you'll be willing to swear that you'll never give up the habit.

or four days; at the end of that time you no willing to swear that you'll never give up the habit."

That ended the barkeeper's story. There are many others who will say the same thing. Over on Brooklyn Heights there boards an old Irishman who is in a business that keeps his brain working hard all day. He takes a brisk walk just before his dinner at night, eats slowly and then after dessert pulls a raw onton from his pocket in a clandestine manner and slices it and eats it. In the morning the old Irishman rises early, takes his cane and starts out for a walk. He carries a raw onton with him and every five minutes or so takes a bite from it. He is well dressed always and passers-by watch him eating onlons with some astonishment, but he doesn't pay say attention to them. And if any one asks him whe he eats onlons he will say.

"Nothing like it, sir, to make a man feel as if life were worth living. I haven't missed my onlon for twenty years, and, God willing, I sharit miss it for ten or twenty more. Don't ask why it does it, for I don't know that. I only know the effect."

COMMODORE PHILIP'S CALLERS Skirmish with an Autograph Hunter-Fare

Among the trials which the officers of Ad niral Sampson's fleet have encountered since they returned from the war is the persistent young woman who means well but doesn't know. This young woman has been much in evidence in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the officers are becoming used to her. An illustration of her persistency occurred on board the Texas a day or two after Commodore Philip had received his new commission.

A Sun reporter whose acquaintance with Commodore Philip was of several years' standing was sitting with him in his cabin looking over the newly arrived parchment. The ship was quite crowded with visitors. Commodore Philip's cabin-he was still Captain of the vessel-had been stripped of furniture and hangings, but an orderly at the door to his private apartments kept those out who were not callers. This orderly was kept pretty busy and occasionally the door to the Captain's room was left unguarded. At such times visitors roaming about the ship would stop to look into the room, but beyond staring at Commodore

While the reporter and the Commodore were looking at the commission, which had just arrived, the orderly stopped not more than ten feet from the doorway on a trifling errand. behind the Commodore's chair. He swung around and there stood a perturbed young

behind the commodores chair. He swung around and there stood a perturbed young woman, embarrassed as to language, but with a firm purpose in her mind.

"Well." said the astonished Commodore, with something of a seadog's frankness.

"Will you please give me your autograph?" said the young woman, apparently unconscious of the fact that, in stepping into the Captain's room, she had actually invaded his bedroom and had been as much guilty of impropriety as if she had marched into Commodore Philip's den in his own room without knocking. She evidently thought that office-building etiquette prevailed in a warship and that she was simply stepping into an office, where there was no necessity of observing formality.

Commodore Philip said "Huh!" to the young woman, and, after a pause, which "d not add to the composure of the autograph seeker, said: "Young woman, are you alone on this ship?"

"No, sir. I have some friends there at the door," pointing to two women who evidently were timid about coming in.

"They'll want my autograph, too, won't they?" asked the Commodore after another pause.

"Oh, I think not," was the answer; "but I

were timid about coming in.

"They'll want my autograph, too, won't they?" asked the Commodore after another panse.

"Oh, I think not," was the answer; "but I should like to have it."

"You would?"

"I etc. sir."

"Huh!

Just then the orderly came in. He saluted, and told the Commodore that some one who had been expected was at the door. The Commodore jumped for the door, giving the reporter a peculiar look, which said, "Stay where you are." When he reached the passageway he disappeared. The young woman remained about five minutes and then edged her way out. In five minutes more Commodore Philip came back, peered about cautiously, and when he was sure that the young woman was gone sighed and sat down without comment.

Just before the Texas went South to the war Capt. Philip had another peculiar woman caller. It was only a few moments before the Texas started. There was some confusion on board and a woman entered his cabin unannounced. She slipped up to him and said:

"Oaptain, may I shake your hand?"

"The pleasure is mine, said the Captain as he grasped her hand.

"Captain, I want to tell you," said the woman with some show of satisfaction and pride, "I was the last person to shake the hand of the Captain of the Huron as she sailed from port to be wrecked."

"Capt. Philip was amazed. The Texas had a "hoodoo" then. Pulling himself together he said with some spirit:

"Madam, the Texas is coming back!"

"Oh, is she?" responded the caller listlessly, and then she went out.

Just before Commodore Philip left the Texas for the New York he found his cabin swarming with visitors on the ship. It was a day when they had the run of the public parts of the vessel. They had crowded into the Captain's a puriments during his absence. Commodore Philip had an important engagement in this borough, and he wanted to change his uniform for citizen's dress. He had only a few minutes in which to do it. He gave some outspoken hints in a strong voice, but the women wouldn't go. Finally he grew desperate. He stood in a corner and fairl

The Blue Crab's Pincer Claws. The pincer claws of the female of the blue

rab, in both the hard shell and the soft shell state, are tipped with red, while those of the male crab are blue to the ends. In market, mais crab are blue to the ends. In market, anoft shell crabs are seen in shallow wooden boxes, placed in rows on edge, packed in a little seaweed, the claw edge of the crab being appearance. At times female crabs are taken more identifully than males, and so it may happen that there will be seen in the trays in market whole rows of crabs with red-tipped claws, or with only here and there one showsing the blue-tipped claws of a male crab.

FOUR OF OUR CHIEF EXECUTIVES HAD NO OFFSPRING.

Washington, Jackson and Polk Were Childs

less, and Buchanan Never Married -Families of the White House Occupants and What Became of Most of Them. A correspondent of THE SUN at Shamokin. Pa., informed its readers on Sept. 14 that Rufus K. Polk of Danville, Pa., a grandson of President James K. Polk of Tennessee, had been nominated for Congress in his district. Mr. Polk may be a good Democrat and may make a good Congressman, but he is not a grandson of President Polk, for the simple reason that the latter never had a son. James Knox Polk. who was the ninth President, was childless, like his predecessors. Washington, Madison and Jackson. All the Presidents, with the exception of James Buchanan, were married or had been married. Four of them, Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Ar-thur were widowers, and three, Wash-

ington, Jackson and Polk, were childless. Washington was a stepfather, and a greatly beloved one, as well as a stepgrandfather. Nelly and Parke Custis were the children of Mrs. Washington, whose first husband was Daniel Parke Custis of Virginia. The son, John Parke Custis, grew up under Washington's care. The daughter died. While Washington was at Valley Forge, John Parke Custis, who had married and was the father of two children, died. These grandchildren were adopted by Gen. Washington, and Nelly Custis married Washington's nephew. Her brother became the owner of Arlington, and was the father of Mrs. Robert E.

John Adams the second President, was the first occupant of the White House, to which he went in 1801, before it was finished. One son had died the year before and a daughter was lost in her infancy. His married daughter and his famous son, John Quiney Adams, were with him. The latter became Minister to Russin under President Madison and served him country subsequently as Minister to England, He was Secretary of State under President Monroe, and in 1824 he was elected President. President John Adams was the father of two daughters and three sons, all of whom died before he did, excepting John Quincy Adams.

Thomas Jefferson had two children, both daughters, one of whom, Martha Jefferson, was declared to be "the sweetest woman in Virginia" by crabbed old John Randolph, and her children and her grandchildren adored her. She had twelve children, one of whom, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, became the stay and solace of Jefferson's declining years. Another of her children was Mrs. Virginia Jefferson Trist. One of her sons was born in the White House the winter of 1805, the first birth which took place in the White House, This child was named James Madison Randolph. Jefferson's seventh grandchild was named Septimia," and her daughter, the late Mrs. Meikleham of Washington, appealed in vain to Congress for a pension. Her children now live in Washington and New York. Jefferson therefore left many descendants, not a few of whom are living in Virginia. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge of Boston is a grandson, being the son of one of Mrs. Randolph's daughters.

James Madison had no children, but, like Washington, he married a widow, and her only child, a son, Payne Todd, was a notoriously bad character, over whom Madison had much trouble and many financial losses. James Monroe, the fifth President, had no sons, but had two daughters.

John Quincy Adams, the son of President ohn Adams, was the sixth President, and his household consisted of four children, three sons and a daughter. One of the sons was the late Charles Francis Adams. Andrew Jackson had no children and was a widower at the time he became President. He had an adopted son. whose family lived for many years at the Hermitage, near Nashville. Martin Van Buren's two sons were with him while he was President. He had no daughters, and had been a widower for many years when he went to Washngton. His second son's wife, who was a Miss Singleton of South Carolina, was the "lady of

the White House" of that Administration. President Harrison lived only a month after his inauguration, and his family moved from Ohio at the time of his death. His grandson became the nineteenth President of he United States. Vice-President John Tyler, who became President to fill the term, had a

who became President to fill the term, had a large family of sons and daughters, one of whom, John Tyler, Jr., was his father's private secretary. He remained in Washington until his death, which occurred a few years ago. President Tyler married a young wife six months before his retirement, and this fact caused a temporary estrangement between his children and himself. His second wife was the mother of seven content and this fact caused a temporary estrangement between his children and himself. His second wife was the mother of seven content and the seven content of the course Home in Washington.

As has been said, James R. Polk had no children, and his successor in office, Gen. Zachary Taylor, had one son and three daughters. One of his daughters was the first wife of Jefferson Davis and the other married first Col. Hilss of the army and was the "Lady of the White House," her mother declining to take part in the social life of the Administration. She is now Mrs. Dandridge, and is living in Virginia. Gen. Richard D. Taylor, the President Sylmin are living in New James House, He in the Confederate Army. He left no sons, but the daughters, all of whom are living in New James and Wood, wdow dan officent who died in Germany and was the father than the sons and the daughter, both of whom lived in the White House. The son, Powers Fillmore, lived in Baffalo until his death, which occurred not long ago. President Fillmore had one son and one daughter, both of whom lived in the White House, the levels of sons wore well known to the country while he was President for the living in the White House, the levels of the living with the wide with his his horse and his name to Andrew Robert the search of his sons were in the Union

WINDOW ATTRACTIONS.

The Bowery's Idea of Decoration Likely to Attract Customers.

In the window of a dingy little Bowery shop appears a placard on which is inscribed "Wins-dow Attractions to Order." The rest of the window is filled up with an assortment of ob-incts which presumably are intended to adver-tise the nature of the attractions. The collec-tion includes the naturally of a woman starved to death in a Cuban prison efficies of a Spati-iard and a Cuban, the former engaged in burn-ing out the eyes of the latter with a hor iron, and the basts of three celebrates murrorssess.